

A RAILWAY POEM.

The railroad, which we have the attention of our readers, originally appeared in the Dublin University Magazine. Its sentiment will be responded, very generally, by those who are capable of the philosophical lesson it imparts.

THE RAILWAY.

The silent glen, the solitary stream,
And wooded hill in many a dream,
They are no longer here;
A huge red mound of earth is thrown
Across the glen and wild and free,
The stream is cold and clear;
And lightning speed and thunder sound
Has hourly over the night-mound.

See this stone; for many a mile
Along that iron-way,
No verdant banks or hedge-row smile
In summer's glowy day;
Though chance that path may through the earth
We rent in some strange mountain-birth,
Whose depths exclude the day,
We're borne along at bounding pace,
To win from time the wondrous race!

The wretched train, with homing air,
No longer keeps a guest
To taste the unexpressed air,
Or seek the welcome rest
The grazing team, the merry horn,
The cool fresh road at merry morn,
The cuckoo's ready cry,
All, all the distant dream-land gone,
While shrieking trains are hurrying on.

Yet good we find with thankful hearts
And eyes that own no tear,
"Is nothing new, the space which parts
The distant from the near,
The wings that far have carried best
Doors home the life's smiling breast,
Has found its rival here;
With speed the how we too can haste,
The bliss of meeting hearts to taste.

For me, I gaze along the line
To watch the approaching train,
And then I still, "I wish me miles,
A mile but without pain,
To find as in a world where lies
Each passing hour to ever rise,
But there may try in vain;
To bring us home to many an art
Shore Fate employs to keep apart.

THE MINERS' MEETING.

THE BROTHERS' REVENGE.

BY HARRY.

One of those delightful California mountain sunsets was approaching, when two travelers, one leading a laden beast, might have been seen slowly toiling up the ascent of one of the interior mountains. They had evidently travelled far, judging from the indications of fatigue, which even the hardy mule displayed.

The resemblance in the frank and handsome, though dust-begrimed countenances, announced the travellers as brothers. The lateness of the hour warned them that it was time to camp and prepare their evening meal. The sun was sinking gradually in the western horizon; the rays slowly retreated from the bases to the summits of the surrounding hills, there playing around them for a moment, like devoted friends, loth to leave to night and darkness. A gentle, balmy breeze strayed through the longitudes of the forest trees, causing the leaves still wet with the moisture of a recent rain, to sparkle and flash in the light of the departed orb like lustrous diamonds.

Our friends advanced till they reached an open spot upon the summit of a hill, where, halting, they set about preparing, with a dexterity acquired by long practice, their evening repast.

"Frank," says one, "you take the camp-kettle and find me water, while I make a fire and get the grub ready for cooking."

Thus directed, Frank departed, while the other busied himself with the preliminary arrangements of a hearty supper. These accomplished to his satisfaction, he seated himself by the fire to await the return of his brother. An hour dragged slowly by, and he began to grow impatient, when a rapid step announced the return of Frank, and presently he appeared, minus camp-kettle and hat, his hair hanging over his eyes, which glistened in the fire-light with strong excitement.

"What's up, boy?" exclaimed the other, laughing at the unusual appearance of Frank; "have you seen a grizzly, or the ghost of the jacks we killed for grub up north?"

"Neither, Harry," replied Frank; "but I have found what to us is much more welcome. I've got a 'slag' with a good chance of finding some more. You may laugh, but I think it a God-send, and promises a change of diet from the donkey spew-stick and roasted pole-cat we've been obliged to eat within three weeks."

"So do I! so do I!" exclaimed Harry, impatiently, himself a little excited about the prize.

"Let me see it," the color will look mighty big to me now."

Frank gave it to him, and balancing it upon the tip of his finger, he cried:

"'Twill weigh an ounce at least, Frank! By Jove! if we find a nest of them, our fortunes are made."

"Yes, Harry, and the fortune of our old father, too, who needs our aid. If we get anything from the ground where I found this, our first expenditure must be to buy the farm for him which he wishes to have."

"Hold on, Frank, the fox is not trapped yet," replied Harry, with another laugh. "But where is your ground? Let us go and prospect it right away."

"Enough said," replied Frank; "get the pick and pan and come on."

So saying, he picked up a shovel, and led the way in the direction from whence he had come. He walked at a rapid pace, and in a short time arrived at a ravine, on one side of which was a high hill, and on the other a low flat. The bed rock, upon which Frank had found the gold, rose abruptly from the earth four or five feet, and sloped off into the flat.

"This is the place to sink a hole in," said Harry, striking his pick into a low place into the flat. "If there is anything here, 'twill be in this way." So saying, he divested himself of his coat, and without further parley, vigorously commenced work.

The rapid blows of the stalwart brothers soon laid bare a portion of the bottom dirt, they went to the ravine to wash it out. This operation was performed by Frank, Harry standing by anxiously watching the result. Dip by dip it was panned down, until the dirt was all washed from the pan and the prospect exposed.

"Did you get a color?" inquired Harry, the darkness preventing him from seeing the gold.

"Barely," answered Frank, though his tone belied his words; here, look for yourself."

Harry took the pan, and looking intently, he was able to perceive fine gold scattered about the pan, to the amount of two or three dollars.

"By George! Frank, we are all right," exclaimed the now excited Harry, winning with delight. "I've seen enough to make me feel like a millionaire. No more fricasseeed pole-cat! Your wish will soon be

realized at this rate, and we can go home with enough to keep the old folks in case all their lines."

The elder brother made no reply, but it might have been seen, by the expression of his noble countenance, that he gave to the loved ones at home the first thought.

"The first thing in the morning," continued Harry, "will be to find the nearest town, and expend what we have got for provisions and the mining implements."

Thus planned, the brothers took their way back to their camp to pass the night and dream of the boundless wealth which they supposed to be already in the grasp.

On the following morning, the first tints of dawn had scarcely illumined the eastern sky, ere the young men were stirring. Having dispatched a hasty breakfast, Frank mounted a tree upon the highest point of the hill, and soon announced that he saw a smoke, which must proceed from a settlement, and a trail leading towards it.

This ascertained, they brought in the mule, and proceeded towards the town. It was not long before a small village appeared in view. Our friends soon arrived there, and proceeded to purchase the required articles. Notwithstanding the early hour, three or four men, in the rough garb of miners, were lounging about the store, and considerable curiosity was evoked at the presence of the strangers. As Frank deposited the gold in the scale to be weighed, in payment of the goods, the men gathered around to examine it.

"This is a pretty piece, stranger," said one to Harry, picking it up; "where did it come from?"

"From a ravine near those pine trees yonder," said Harry, indicating its locality.

"Is there any ground to spare there?" questioned the other; "I would like the claim this came out of."

"There is plenty of ground," replied Harry, with a slight laugh; "the question is whether 'twill pay."

This conversation ended, our friends started for their claim, and on arriving there immediately commenced their work.

The day passed away, and the sun was approaching the range of the tree tops, when the attention of Harry and Frank was called to the bank above them by the exclamation:

"Hallo! strangers, you are on my ground. I claimed this week ago, and I'd like to see you leave it."

Looking up, our friends saw the speaker standing above them, together with three or four others, one of whom Harry recognized as his acquaintance of the town.

"We were not aware," said Frank, "that any party had a previous right to this place. Of course, you can satisfactorily prove the justice of your title."

"Certainly I can, and make it good, too," said the first speaker, with a coarse laugh. "Come down here, and I'll show you."

Frank followed him down the ravine, around a bend some distance below, to a tree—the base of which was hidden from the claim above, upon which was nailed a miner's notice, claiming the ground several hundred feet up the ravine.

"When was this notice placed here?" said Frank, with a sigh of regret, as he thought of the treasure about to be taken from him; "I did not see it this morning as I came down here for wood."

"That is because you did not look," returned the other; "but read for yourself and you will find out."

Frank stepped to the tree and read:—

"Dated, May 19th."

"That was four days ago!"

"Exactly."

"How long did the rain last which ended yesterday?" inquired Frank.

"Two days of as hard raining as ever was done," growled the man; "it carried away a dam for me that took me a week to build."

"Which way the wind?" pursued Frank.

"East," was the very laconic reply; "why do you ask?"

"Because," replied Frank, with a smile of triumph, "that notice is on the east side of the tree, and the sand is not washed from the writing; how do you explain that?"

"I don't know or care," replied the fellow, in angry confusion; "but this much I do know—'tis my ground, and I'll have it."

"Have you driven any stakes?" asked Frank.

"No—and I don't intend to, until I get ready," he answered.

"Very well," said Frank, calmly; "it is useless for me to talk with you—if this is your ground, you must first establish a legal claim to it. I shall not give it up, unless compelled to do so by legal means."

"We'll see about that, old boy," said the rough claimant; "you had better travel without any trouble."

So saying, he departed, followed by his gang.

Our friends, satisfied that this was an attempt to wrong them, quietly went back to their work, confident that they could retain possession of their claim by law.

The next morning they had not been long at work, when they were again visited by the party of the previous evening, with the renewed demand that they should leave.

"You had better shoulder your traps and be off as quick as God will let you; I've called a miner's meeting, and they will give me my claim as sure as hell."

"I shall object to a decision of this dispute by a miners' meeting," said Harry; "we are strangers here, and strangers cannot receive justice when opposed to old residents of a place; but if you will go with us before justice, we will each state our titles, and abide by his decision."

"I'll be d—d if I do," was the answer; "the miners are coming to settle it, and they shall do it."

"Bill," he continued, to one of his party, "you go and bring the boys down here."

The fellow departed, presently returning with about twenty men, between whom and the party already on the ground, existed a striking resemblance, in dress and appearance. They immediately organized their meeting, chose a president, and requested the disputants to state their claims.

The opponent of our friends came forward and told his story, the substance of which is already before the reader. At his close, the president called upon Frank for his defence. Frank stated, in a few words, that the meeting was called without the customary notice being given, and with the consent of but one party to abide by its decision; and was, therefore, in reality, a mob, instead of a chosen tribunal of justice. He informed them that no stakes had been set, and no prospecting done in the disputed ground. He also stated that the notice purported to have been on the tree for five days through a severe rain, which was not possible, or the sand would have been washed from the writing. With this statement he left them, and joined Harry in the claim.

"Gentlemen," said the president, "you've

heard the evidence, and it remains for you to decide by vote which party is entitled to this ground."

The vote was immediately put, and decided in favor of the last claimant, with but one or two dissenting voices—the owners of those probably instructed for the occasion, in order to give to the proceedings some slight show of justice.

"And I move," exclaimed one, "that we put Mike Henley in possession of his ground."

This was also carried, and a committee, headed by Mike Henley himself, entered the claim, and commenced throwing out the tools.

The brothers did not resist, for they were greatly outnumbered; but the flashing eyes of each showed how keenly they felt the injustice done them. Having removed the mining implements, Mike Henley approached Frank with a smile of malignant triumph upon his repulsive face, and exclaimed:

"Come, my covey, 'tis time for you to leave this move."

"I shall not give up possession quietly," answered Frank, a flush of firmness and anger mantling his face.

"You won't eh?" said the ruffian, conceiving of the support of his gang; "if you don't, I'll be d—d!"—as he said this he seized the collar of Frank with one hand, and raised the other to strike.

Time was not allowed him, however, for Frank, with a vigorous blow, dashed his clenched hand into the face of his assailant, causing him to mark out "five feet ten" in the soil. Enraged beyond control, the ruffian sprang to his feet, his face pale, his teeth set, and his eyes gleaming with a fiendish light, drew a pistol, and aiming with deadly intent full at the breast of Frank. With the first motion, Harry had sprung towards the villain, with the intention of seizing the pistol but he was too late to prevent the discharge, though he saved the life of his brother by receiving the ball in his own breast; and, with a moan of anguish, sank down at the feet of Frank.

Mike Henley gazed for a moment upon the deed he had committed, then springing up the bank, was lost to view in the bushes. The crowd, appalled by the horrible termination of their unjust proceedings, slunk away one by one, not wishing to be identified with the affair, and Frank was left alone with his murdered brother.

"Oh, God! dear Harry, he has murdered you," he cried, sinking upon his knees, and tearing open the coarse shirt which covered the wound; "why did you spring before the pistol?"

"To save you, dear Frank," calmly replied the noble Harry, a beam of fond affection lighting up his pallid face. "I'm going, Frank—going," he painfully continued, after a pause; "his shot was a sure one—I'm bleeding internally."

"Oh! do not tell me this," cried the stricken brother; "what shall I do without you in this land of strangers?"

"Go home where you have friends," replied poor Harry. "Listen, Frank, to the words of a dying brother. One day of your tottering steps is taken from our aged parents; do not risk the other, but return without the coveted wealth; carry a dying child's love—marry Alice, and be happy. You know I loved her heart, Frank, fondly loved her; but I found her heart was given to you; be kind to her, Frank, and a departed brother will implore the blessings of heaven for your welfare."

"You shall not die!" wildly cried Frank, clasping him in his arms, as if to protect him from the grip of death. "You shall not be torn from me—"

"Ah, brother, that is blasphemy; 'tis the expressed wish of God that I am cut in my youth, and we must yield to his behests. I have but a few moments to live; bear a kind remembrance to all the friends at home—a home, alas! I shall never see again. Cut a lock of hair from my head and carry it to our mother; 'tis the last she will ever see of her poor son."

The agony of the bereaved brother pen cannot describe. A sudden change took place in his manner after these words, and with one arm raised above his head, his face turned heavenward, and a solemn expression appearing upon his face, he said, in a deep, still voice:

"Heaven witness my vow! I will shall not die unrevenged, my brother. I will pursue your murderer to the extreme end of earth, and with the might of a just avenger's arm, send his soul to the hell which is waiting to receive it."

The dying man, unbending the writh of his brother, continued, "name the first of Alice, for me, Frank; 'twill cause you to remember me when years have paled the memory of Harry."

A tremor now ran through his whole frame, but he recovered slightly, and in a scarcely audible whisper went on: "Where are you, Frank—my sight grows dim; I cannot see your hand, brother—here, carry this kiss to mother; the breath is leaving me! hark!—hear that sweet music!—I die happy! I am going to God; farewell, dear Frank, farewell."

As he uttered these words he suddenly raised his body, supported by the arms of Frank, to an upright position, then, with a low drawn sigh, the pure spirit left the tenement of clay, to be borne in the arms of angels to the home of the happy.

What pen can portray the anguish of the stricken brother? Mine surely cannot, and I draw the curtain around the scene of soul-moaning agony.

The murderer Henley fled, and after the lapse of a week, might have been seen entering a village some distance from the scene of his foul crime; he had scarcely entered the tavern of the place, when a man in the dress of a native Californian, rode in from the same direction, and giving the reins of his animal to the attending hostler, also entered the house, where he had entered his name for a room. The Californian stepped to the book, and writing his name, said to the clerk:

"I will take a bed in the same room with my friend," pointing to Henley.

"Very well, sir," was the reply; "when you wish to retire I will show you the room."

In the morning, when the chamber-maid entered the room to perform the necessary labor, she was horrified by the sight which met her gaze.

The body of Henley lay partly hanging from the bed, the clothes bespattered with blood, and a large bowie-knife buried to the hilt in his breast. To the handle was attached a slip of paper, bearing the following words:

"Life for life is the established social law of the country. Whether the murderer falls by the hand of self-appointed judges, or by the nerve of an outraged brother, is of little importance. Justice is done!"

A rigid search was immediately made for the other occupant of the chamber, but

no trace of him was found. Frank had fulfilled his oath and departed.

Near the scene of the murder stands a single slab, bearing the following inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY HARTFORD, Who was murdered May 19th, 1851. BY HIS MURDERER.

Tread lightly, stranger, o'er that spot; 'tis hallowed ground, made sacred by the blood of a noble heart shed in defence of a brother. Angels hover near the grave, mourning the death and rejoicing in the life of one worthy of a seat in their midst. The long gaunt arms of a blasted pine point to the left of earth, and the gentle melancholy breeze, which sigh mournfully above the grave, whisper a requiem for the rest of his soul.—San Francisco Golden Era.

The Dog Noble, and the Empty Hole.

BY REV. HENRY WARD DEACON.

The first summer which we spent in Lenox, we had along a very intelligent dog named Noble. He was learned in many things, and by his dog-like excited the undying admiration of all the children. But there were some things which Noble could never learn. Having on one occasion seen a red squirrel run into a hole in a stone wall he could not be persuaded that he was not there forevermore.

Several red squirrels lived close to the house and had become familiar, but not tame. They kept up a regular rump with Noble. They would come down from the maple trees with provoking coolness; they would run along the fence almost within reach, they would curl their tails and sail across the road to the barn; and yet there was such a well-timed calculation under all this apparent madness, that Noble invariably arrived at the critical spot just as the squirrel left it.

On one occasion Noble was so close upon his red backed friend that, unable to get up the maple tree, he dodged into a hole in the wall, ran through the chinks, emerged at a little distance, and sprang into the tree. The intense enthusiasm of the dog at that hole can hardly be described. He filled it full of barking. He pawed and scratched as if undermining a bastion. Standing off a little distance he would pierce the hole with a gaze as intense and fixed as if he were trying magnetism on it. Then with still extended, and every hair thereof electrified, he would stand empty hole with a prodigious onslaught.

This imaginary squirrel haunted Noble night and day. The very squirrel himself would run up before his face into the tree, and crouched in a crotch, would sit silent watching the whole process of bombarding the empty hole, with great sobriety and relish. But Noble would allow of no doubts. His conviction that that hole had a squirrel in continued unshaken for six weeks. When all other occupations failed this hole remained to him. When there were no more chickens to worry, no pigs to bite, no cattle to chase, no children to romp with, no expeditions to make with the grown folks, and when he had slept all that his dog-skin would hold, he would walk out in the yard, yawn and stretch himself, and then looking wistfully at the hole, as if thinking to himself, "Well if there is nothing else to do I may as well try that hole again."

We had almost forgotten this little trait until the conduct of the New York Express, in respect to Col. Fremont's negro brought it ludicrously to mind again.

Col. Fremont is and always has been, as sound a Protestant as John Knox ever was. He was bred in the Protestant faith and has never changed. He is magnanimous with the doctrines and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and has never attended that Church with two or three exceptions, when curiosity, or some intrinsic reason, led him as a witness. We do not state this upon vague belief. We know what we say. We say it upon our own personal honor and proper knowledge. Col. Fremont never was, and is not now, a Roman Catholic. He has never been wont to attend that Church. Nor has he in any way, directly or indirectly, given occasion for this report.

It is a gratuitous falsehood, utter, barren, absolute and unqualified. The story has been got up for political effect. It is still circulated for that reason, and like other political lies, it is a sheer, unscrupulous falsehood, from top to bottom, from the core to the skin, and from the skin back to the core again. In all its parts, in pulp, in tegument, in rid, cell and seed, it is a thorough and total untruth, and they who spread it bear false witness. And as to the stories of the Fulmer, etc., as to supposed conversation with Fremont, in which he attended the mass, and what not, they are pure fictions. They never happened.

The authors of these are slanderers, the men who believe them are dupes; the men who spread them become endorsers of wilful and corrupt libellers.

But the Express, like Noble has opened on this hole in the wall, and never can be done barking at it. Day after day it resorts to this empty hole. When everything else fails this resource remains. There they are, indefinitely—the Express and Noble—a church without a Fremont, and a hole without a squirrel in it!

In some respects, however, the dog had the advantage. Sometimes I thought that he really believed that "there was a squirrel there. But at other times he apparently had an inkling of the ridiculousness of his conduct, for he would drop his tail, and walk towards us with his tongue out and his eyes a little askant, seeming to say, "My dear sir, you don't understand a dog's feelings. I should of course march a squirrel, but I can't have that. An empty hole is better than nothing. I imagine how I would catch him if he was there. Besides, people who pass by see that he is there. They think that I have got something. It is needless to keep up the truth I have looked into that hole so long that I have half persuaded myself that there is a squirrel there, or will be, if I keep on."

Well every dog must have his day, and every dog must have his way. No doubt if we were to bring back Noble now, after two summer's absence, he would make straight for that hole in the wall with as much zeal as ever.

We never read the Express now-a-days, without thinking involuntarily, "Goodness! the dog is letting off at that hole again."

THE Philadelphia Ledger says: "The Republicans seem to be taking the lead in this city." And the man might have added, in the State, and throughout the Free States—and what is more, they will keep the lead.

Fremont and Buchanan Literature—Who are the Readers?

Having noticed from time to time, a lonely looking book on the shelves of the Bookseller in this city, called a Life of James Buchanan, we were curious enough to enquire how many copies of it had been sold. At the same time we enquired how many copies of the Life of Fremont had been disposed of. We found the following as the result of our curiosity:

Messrs. J. B. Cobb & Co., and C. S. Bragg and Co., have sold—

Life of Buchanan 60 copies

" " Fremont 1109 "

" " (cheap edition) 500 "

1609 "

Messrs. Jewett, Proctor & Worthington have sold 49 copies of the Campaign Life of James Buchanan, all told. They have also sold—

Upham's Fremont 1264

Smucker's do 50

Bigelow's do 90

1364

Messrs. J. P. & W. have also sold of Fremont and Dayton, and other cheap lives of Fremont, 10,200 copies.

Messrs. Hawks & Brother have sold—

Upham's Fremont 40

" " (cheap edition) 400

Dollar edition of Life of Buch'n 12

Cheap editions 75

The amount of sales told, therefore, this morning, all told, as follows:

Lives of Buchanan sold 196 copies

Lives of Fremont sold 13,632 copies

The above sales of Cobb & Co., and C. S. Bragg & Co., do not include sales of Greeley's cheap edition of the Life of Fremont, which is sold by the thousand.

All the above proves clearly that Fremont will run because the people will read.

It may be well here to remark that while cords of the Life of the People's Candidate, and the few copies of the Life of Buchanan have been sold, not one copy of Fillmore's Life is even required for sale. It is not even written; but we are informed that it is to appear with the History of the Next War. We have not yet heard when the life of the candidate for Vice President on Fillmore's ticket is to be written. Mr. Scroggs, the orator of the Fillmore meeting on the steps of the Weddel, may possibly know; but when asked about it, he says—*"Oh, we never mention him."*—Cleveland Herald.

Very true neighbor Herald, but here is the answer of our "independent" neighbor of the "Cleveland."

"We admit Mr. Fillmore's Life has not been written, but it has been read notwithstanding, and committed to memory, and is deeply engraven on the heart of every living American, and we can prove it too by one man at least if he is in town. The man eminent for his personal appearance, as well as for his *Fugitive Slave Law*, and the ALABAMA SPEECH—*"The South would submit to it!"*—needs no life written—his life is not ended yet, as Buchanan's is, and as Fremont's will be if he lives long enough. As for GENERAL GUTAVUS ADOLPHUS SCROGGS, it is true he did not mention Donelson's name in his speech at the MASS MEETING on the steps of the WEDDEL HOUSE, but he thought of him several times, and he would have mentioned his name if he had not got confused about that hole. The General explained this to us several times, and as an "independent" wing of the Fillmore army, satisfied."

The above we presume will not be at least the of our neighbor's reply.

Who are the Disunionists?

The following extracts are selected from authentic records of opinions expressed by men, all of whom are now prominent supporters of Buchanan and Fillmore.

BY SENATOR YULEE, OF FLORIDA.

"For my part, I am ready to proceed to extreme measures, even to the dissolution of the Union."

BY SENATOR BROWN, OF MISSISSIPPI.

"If the Wilmore Proviso is adopted it will raise a storm that will sweep the Union, and I pray God devoutly it will be so."

BY MR. MOORE, OF LOUISIANA.

"The Southern man who will stand up and say that he is for the Union, 'now and forever,' is more dangerous to the people he represents than those who are in open hostility. If California be trampled with a preamble declaring the territory now free, I am willing to dissolve the Union."

BY MR. STANTON, OF TENNESSEE.

"When the Wilmore Proviso is adopted, I and the South are ready to walk out of the Union."

BY SENATOR BUTLER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

"I do not make the salvation of the Union the paramount question."

BY SENATOR MASON, OF VIRGINIA.

"It is time the yoke was thrown off and the question settled."

BY MR. COLCOCK, OF GEORGIA.

"If the Wilmore proviso should pass in any form, I will introduce a bill for the dissolution of the Union."

BY MR. MEAD, OF VIRGINIA.

"If you exclude us, I am not willing to submit. * * * We intend to have the land peacefully if we can, forcibly if we must."

Caught.

The editor of the Wisconsin Patriot displayed the following card a few days since:

\$5,000 REWARD!

Will be given to anybody who can show a